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One Dollar Per Year.

HER LAST CAST.

BY W. ADDISON.

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Europe in the forties, and for the time being gained for themselves considerable popularity by their remarkable deftness and skill.

The artists in the Alvarez circus were man and wife—she, with a serene smile on her lips, her long, fair hair hanging loosely over her shoulders, her deep blue eyes directed fearlessly and full of confidence towards her comrade; he, firm and cool, with an expression of supreme indifference to the danger his wife so boldly and unflinchingly faced. The couple seemed to mock death, playing with him as with a tame tiger.



SEEM TO MOCK DEATH.

But, however bloodcurdling the sang froid of this couple might be, they were dwarfed into insignificance in comparison with an incident dating from my strolling days, which comes all the more vividly before my mind's eye, the remoter it is from that adventurous, precarious time when I, a gypsy among gypsies, strode in front of the green caravan, which, slowly followed by street curs barking furiously at its

Oh! how distinctly I see that dark gypsy girl with the supple, panther-like form, the attraction of the strolling circus of Belli, who, at the time of this story was "doing" the southern provinces of Holland.

Her equestrian feats were the most striking. Why she remained with the small circus proprietor for the paltry salary she was receiving, when she might have had splendid remunerative engagements in the largest and most renowned circuses, was a mystery to me at first.

But then I saw later on that Brigantina cherished a desire to become Mme. Belli.

Belli was a young man of not more than five and twenty years of age, having inherited the circus not long before this from his parents, who had both died suddenly one after the other.

The circus was composed of half a dozen green caravans and a couple of dozen of tolerably good horses.

The pride of the circus, however, was a really well-trained elephant, "Moffa," which was brought into the ring by Belli and Brigantina in turns.

The proprietor, with his Roman nose, coal-black mustache and athletic, well-built figure, was a prototype of a brutal, masculine beau of the annual fair—a highway Apollo, self-conceited and overbearing in his treatment with his subordinates.

Brigantina always rode in Indian dress—a short skirt, edged with feathers and shells, with a string of coral beads around her neck, and at her side a blue silk pouch, containing small, gilded juggling balls.

With one leap she vaulted on to the back of her gray horse, and with cat-like agility bent forward, catching the balls high up into the air, catching them as they fell, and once more sending them flying into space, the meanwhile poising herself gracefully, and with the utmost adroitness, on her horse's back while he continued to gallop round and round the ring.

After this performance a thick board was placed in the middle of the ring, upon which a small circle of not more than one foot in diameter had been described, and then Brigantina was handed half a dozen small, glistening, sharp-edged hatchets, which flew from her hands like arrows from a bow, one after the other, without touching or ever falling to enter the circle.

During this exhibition of skill the audience held its breath and gave a sigh of relief as Brigantina dismounted and the board with the axes sticking in it was removed.

They then chalked the girl's shoe soles and away she went again to the wild strains of the music. Wilder and wilder became her postures, and ever more daring became her stunts, until she broke into a mad gallop. She flew by like the wind.

We held the barriers—on, two, three, five barriers—over which she went perched on the smooth back of her horse. With upraised arms, pressing with her dainty feet, she incited the horse to still greater efforts, shouting all the time: "Heldone! En avant! Caesar! Animo! Animo!"

Her switch whisked through the air, her eyes flashed, her long, blue-black hair tossed. Swift as an arrow the maddened beast rushed past with his daring rider holding on by the toes of one foot.

The cool evening air blew softly in through the curtains of the caravan in which Belli sat with Brigantina, whose small hands he held tenderly in his own. She gazed up at him, as if under the influence of some spell, with beaming eyes and a dreamy look. All was quiet. The night air gently caressed the leaves of the lindens, whose sweet scent, mingled with the fresh sea breeze, penetrated through the windows of the caravan, intoxicating the lovers with its sweet incense.

"Your wife, Alessandro, your wife at last!" she whispered softly, as if speaking in a dream.

"Certainly, Brigantina, in a few days you'll be my wife," answered the circus proprietor. "And then you'll be mine—mine alone."

He drew a ring from his finger. "And I herewith pledge myself and my life, darling; this ring shall bind us together, never to be severed, whatever our fates may be—yes, unto death!"

Brigantina glanced hastily at the ring, and fervently pressed it to her lips. Then suddenly, with an almost imperceptible movement, she plucked a tiny dagger from her belt, and pricking her left arm with its sharp point, pressed the wound passionately to the mouth of her beloved. He kissed the wound and endeavored to stanch it, but she held her arm out of his reach, allowing the blood to flow freely, and exclaimed in a voice quivering with emotion:

"Thine, Alessandro, for ever! For thee I am ready to shed my life's blood!"

Alessandro Belli had engaged a second equestrienne; a golden-haired beauty, a proud, intriguing woman.

Jeannette was born in an old, celebrated, professional family, who had acquired considerable wealth in the pursuit of their calling. A great portion of her parents' money fell to Jeannette's share, whose talents, however, were of too mean an order to gain her admission into the higher branches of her profession, and she was too fond of a roving life to settle down quietly and live a happy and contented life.

After the arrival of this beauty Belli underwent a change. He neglected Brigantina, and began to make advances to Jeannette.

This gypsy was a born speculator, who seemed to desire to possess it with the least possible trouble.

I often observed the dark threatening glances of Brigantina, as she dug deep into her lips with her white teeth.

"When shall we get married, Alessandro?" she asked Belli, one afternoon.

"I have reconsidered the matter, Brigantina," replied he, coldly. "I am too young to marry yet. I will strive to earn more money, and you could also do much better if you were to accept an important engagement. Go, and come back rich, and help me to make a big company out of this gypsy band."

She turned pale.

"You want me to go in order to free yourself of your vow to me. I must make way for the red-haired beauty because you covet her riches. Have you forgotten your oath, Alessandro? Do you want to break your solemn vow?"

"Don't be tiresome, Brigantina, but go to where you belong!" rejoined Belli, imperiously.

The woman laughed scornfully.

"Ah! that's the way you talk to me, is it? Take care, Alessandro—I see through you. You want to be rid of me to marry your Jeannette!"

"You dream, girl—I do not even think of such a thing. I am, however, only a poor director, who must see to how he can earn his living best. With the company as it is there is nothing to be done, and that you know right well."

"I'll go and earn money, Alessandro; but swear to me never to marry Jeannette."

"Swear, Alessandro, swear."

"Go to the—"

Quick as lightning Brigantina sprang to one side, and seized hold of an ax.

"Swear, or by Heaven—"

And the tigress threw the reflection of the glistening blade on the torn canvas of the tent.

Belli laughed mockingly.

He relied upon his brute strength and athletic skill, as he set about wrenching the ax from her grasp, to overcome her.

"You won't go of your own accord, you she-devil, so I'll pitch you out against your will, and if you don't mind you'll find the whip cracking about your ears! You dare to threaten a Belli? You—you—poltron!"

This was enough.

Poltron—coward!

That word stung her to the quick. A wave of blood diffused itself over the face of the gypsy girl, a hard, hissing, animal like cry escaped her lips, and the ax whizzed through the air. It cut its way into the stroller's throat, who fell to the ground without a sound, and his blood mingled with the freshly strewn sawdust on the floor.

With a shrill laugh Brigantina went out past his corpse—she knew that she had aimed well.

It was her last cast.

The next day we drew her lifeless body out of the river.

Only a few of the company followed her coffin to the wall near the churchyard, where her remains were laid without chant or song of any kind.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

A decree has been entered in the supreme court restoring to the Mormon church the property taken from the corporation.

The will of the late ex-Judge Dwight W. Pardee, of the Connecticut supreme court, leaves \$25,000 to Trinity college, Hartford.

Rev. Chauncey Giles, the most eminent Swedenborgian in America, died at his home in West Philadelphia recently, in his eighty-first year. As a minister he had done great good, and as an author he gave the doctrines of the Church of the New Jerusalem their clearest and ablest presentation.

According to the Lutheran "Church Almanac" for 1894, there are now in this country 60 Lutheran synods, 5,273 ministers, 9,018 congregations and 1,294,488 communicants. The Lutheran main body of parochial schools has 120,389 pupils. The largest Lutheran branch is the Synodical conference, which reports 441,129 members.

The chapel which the German emperor has built at his shooting-box at Rominten, in East Prussia, was planned by a Norwegian architect. Like the hunting-box itself, it is of wood, and its architectural style is that of the old Norwegian churches, the most striking feature of which is the rich decoration with carved elements.

The Jewish priests were the civil as well as the religious functionaries of the state. Their office was one of great profit as well as honor. In the time of Christ Caiaphas owned all the dove coots around Jerusalem, while his father-in-law, Annas, had a monopoly of the sheepfolds, and the income from the temple sacrifices is estimated to have amounted to four million dollars a year.

A canal boat now on duty on the Erie canal is named the Good News. It is covered with Gospel texts. Services are held three times a day in its cabin as it journeys from one town to the next on its missionary trips. A fish-pole with trawls tied on the end is used to reach passing boats, and little floats with cardboard sails covered with texts are sent away to do what good they may. The International Evangelistic association has control of this floating mission-house.

The treasurer's report of the Protestant Episcopal missionary council, at Chicago, showed the following expenditures for the year ending September 1st: Domestic missions, \$126,440.61; Indian missions, \$44,277.62; colored missions, \$52,741.71; foreign missions, \$172,896.19; balance on hand, \$42,920. The amounts received during the year for foreign and domestic missions showed a slight decrease over the preceding year, while the receipts for general missions showed a corresponding increase.

The American Missionary society supports in the south 6 chartered institutions, 29 normal and graded schools, 43 common schools, in which there are 389 instructors and 12,609 pupils. It also oversees 152 churches, with a membership of about 9,000, and a Sunday-school membership of over 15,000. Among the Indians it has 12 churches, with 793 members; schools, with 808 scholars, and 1,300 pupils in the Sunday-school. All served by 90 teachers and ministers. Among the Chinese there are 21 schools, with 1,215 pupils and 40 teachers.—Outlook.

Gassendi, pronounced by Boyle to be "the greatest philosopher among scholars and the greatest scholar among philosophers," had, at the age of 12, so thoroughly mastered 6,600 Latin verses as to be able to repeat them either backward or forward with perfect ease. After growing to manhood he is reported to have daily exercised his mind by repeating from 600 to 1,000 verses in all modern European languages. Cardinal Mezzofanti, the most remarkable linguist the world has ever known, is said to have been able to use every word of any considerable importance in over 100 different languages, and to have been able to carry on a conversation in forty-five or fifty others.

IN SOUTHERN ITALY.

Passion Procession of Taranto, with Life Size Figures of Christ.

On Good Friday, March 31, we drove into Taranto to see the Passion procession, says a traveler. It passed very slowly down the Corso in the midst of a great moving crowd. The members of the Confraternita, with white hoods and veils, a twisted wreath of olive stems around their foreheads, a white sash, blue sash and very pale lemon-colored cape, marched barefoot before each of the palchi, or platforms. These were carried on the shoulders of four stalwart brothers of the order, assisted by four men in civil dress. Life-size figures, realistically painted, told the history of the Passion in six tableaux.

First came Christ, kneeling in the garden, while a white-robed angel stood beside and offered him the cup. Then a terrible Christ at the flagellation pillar, his bones laid bare at the shoulders, knees, ribs, the pallid flesh torn with livid welts and bleeding wounds. Then Christ, robed in the purple with the crown of thorns—the Eco Homo. Then the crucifixion. Then the black veer, with a huge black cross above it. Then the chief piece of the whole show—a dead white Christ, covered with a veil, placed upon a rich mortuary bier. Besides the usual bearers, four gentlemen of the city, in full dress, held the four ends of the pall. Among them was the magnificent Marchese d'A—, with his grand swagger. "Che bella presenza!" said the people. Their lackeys in livery attended these four noblemen.

The procession was terminated by a Madonna Dolores, in rather fashionable mourning, holding a red heart in her hand. Priests and other brethren of the Confraternita closed the cortege. Three brass bands, sounding lugubrious and impressive strains of music, with cavernous drums and clashing cymbals, kept up a continuous plaintive wail as the pomp went slowly by. It was evening ere it passed; lighted lamps and wax torches made the two last tableaux more impressive.—Fortnightly Review.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

In order to prevent "rear-end" collisions a western railroad has issued an order that every passenger train must have a flagman on the rear platform constantly, and this flagman must not leave his post to eat or sleep until he is relieved by some one capable of standing watch.

There was sold recently one hundred acres of the old Webster homestead at Marshfield, including the old observatory on Black mount. The deeds show that Daniel Webster purchased part of the property in 1844. The Boston woman who has bought the land covenanted it on account of its historical associations, which she wishes to see preserved.

With the cheapening of silver has come an extension of its use in the fine arts that promises in time to widen the market for the products of the Colorado mines. People are buying in solid silver many small articles that used to be plated, and silver plate has been substituted in other cases where hitherto the baser metals have been almost exclusively used. It looks as if fashion could have a great deal to do with silver for the next few years.

The increase of insanity in Georgia has been so rapid that the capacity of the buildings provided for the insane is insufficient. The trustees say that they are now so overcrowded as to interfere with the comfort and successful treatment of the patients. There were only five hundred and fifty inmates of the asylum in 1873; this year nearly two thousand were treated, and there were over sixteen hundred on hand at the close of the year.—Baltimore Sun.

Crysanthemums of any variety may be propagated in-doors from the slips, and the blossoms that florists sell often have a stalk long enough to furnish three or four cuttings. The cuttings have an astonishing vitality, and if planted in a pot of earth that is kept constantly moist they will, in a large percentage of cases, stand and prosper without once losing the appearance of freshness. Some florists keep on hand only a single plant of each variety, and from these make all their cuttings for new plants.

The only raven at the Central park zoological garden in New York is a bird of some accomplishments. He was imported from Europe, and for some time belonged to a gentleman living in the upper part of Manhattan island. The bird had learned to crow like a cock, and to cluck like a hen, and he turned these accomplishments to account. It was his habit to excite the curiosity of his master's chickens by a display of his mimic powers, and whenever a chicken turned a head into his cage to nip that head as if with a pair of sharp shears.

The West Shore railroad owns the remains of Old Round Top, a historic stone house near Canajoharie. The house was built about 1750, and was once a dwelling and a store. Its first owners were Jeremiah Van Rensselaer and Archibald Kane, the latter an ancestor of Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, and of the Kanes of New York. Here the Kanes carried on a great mercantile business, and it was in the rear of Round Top that one of the merchant family fought a duel with the father of Gen. J. S. Wadsworth. Much of the old house has been destroyed by fire, as it was long the resort of tramps and Italian laborers who recklessly built fires within its walls.

Matthew Arnold speaks somewhere of the crude pottery produced at a great English factory for the American and colonial markets. Whatever may be the truth as to the colonies of Great Britain, the American market now demands not only tasteful pottery, but in the case of some manufacturers a greater variety and beauty than are demanded in Great Britain. It is notorious that while British housewives are content with a few old-fashioned patterns in the matter of table linen, the English manufacturer is forced not only to produce linen of excellent quality, but to enrich their product with a great variety of beautiful patterns.

Mr. Kerr Craige, third assistant postmaster-general, has submitted his annual report to Postmaster-General Bissell. His financial statement is as follows: Letter postage paid in money (made up principally of balances due from foreign postal administrations), \$72,305.81; box rents, \$2,492.33; fines and penalties, \$22,347.98; sales of postage stamps, stamped envelopes, newspaper wrappers and postal cards, \$72,359,213.50; receipts from unclaimed letters, \$12,537.57; miscellaneous receipts, \$84,127.12; total ordinary postal revenue, \$74,983,897.77. Receipts from special delivery business, \$214,063.39; total receipts from all sources, \$75,197,961.16. The profit to the government on special delivery business was \$80, 078.50.

Although the system of proprietary clubs, so common in London, has never flourished here, there are signs that something of the kind may come about, since the difficulties of running a club successfully are in large part centered in the fact that the officers, having no considerable direct pecuniary interest in the club, are unable to give its expenditures that close attention so necessary to economy. Some clubs in desperation throw themselves upon the mercy of their stewards, and permit them to be general purchasing agents, of course with the privilege of making their little commissions. The unauthorized exaction of commissions from club members is so common as to have become notorious, and actual embezzlement of club funds by cashiers and the like are probably more common than the public suppose.

A Difficult Operation.

Star photography is one of the most tedious operations known. In some cases the exposure of the plate must last for several hours. During all this time both the plate and the telescope must be more or less stationary. The exposure for a star of the sixteenth magnitude is two hours, and only the image of one at a time can be secured unless those adjoining happen to be of the same size.—Chicago Post.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Senators James Z. George, of Mississippi, and A. H. Colquitt, of Georgia, and ex-Senator S. B. Maxey, of Texas, all of whom were officers in the Confederate army, are on the Mexican pension roll.

Prof. Cumming, M. D., to whom Mr. Gladstone has tendered a baronetcy, is an eminent Irish physician and a professor in the queen's college at Belfast. His daughter married a son of Sir Charles Russell.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams has written a book entitled "Massachusetts: Its History and Its Future." He convicts the state of a long practice of religious intolerance and historians of ignoring the discreditable fact.

Van Roberts, a hotelkeeper at Rush Hill, Mo., has fallen heir to \$60,000 left him by John Bennett, who died at Las Vegas, N. M. Roberts saved Bennett from drowning in the Sangamon river near Decatur, Ill., twenty years ago.

Clarence King, formerly director of the United States geological survey, well known as a man of science and of letters and conspicuous in the social and club life of New York and Newport, has become insane and has been sent to an asylum.

Prof. Weinhold has been elected rector of the university of Berlin to succeed Prof. Rudolf Virchow, whose term ended at the beginning of the present semester. Dr. Virchow has been appointed a member of the university senate by the new rector.

Charles L. Nichols, who died recently at Lyons Farm, N. J., was the original promoter of the elevated railroad system. He was made secretary of the New York company, but was ousted when the Gould management took possession of the "watered" corporation.

Daniel Webster liked to make remarks of a character intended to puzzle simple minds. Stopping to dinner one day at a country inn, on his way to Marshfield, he was asked by the hostess if he usually had a good appetite.

"Madam," answered Webster, "I sometimes eat more than I do at other times, but never less."—Argonaut.

No matter at what time of the day you call upon Pension Commissioner Lochren you will find him smoking, and not a cigar either. He is devoted to his pipe, and it is an elaborate affair of briarwood, and as large as a teacup. He receives no visitors until he lights this pipe in the morning, and receives none after he puts it out at night.

Mrs. Isabella Bird, whose entertaining books of travel are well-known, is the first woman ever invited to address the British house of commons. She had a remarkable experience of travel in Kurdistan, and was summoned before the English parliament to tell what she had seen of Christians in that remote country.

Miss Ella Knowles, who was defeated for the attorney-generalship of Montana by a small majority, and was then appointed assistant by her successful competitor, recently secured, in favor of her state before the interior department in Washington, a decision involving about two hundred thousand dollars' worth of school lands in Montana.

It's concentration of thought that tells in our daily endeavor. Just watch the face of the small boy when he is taking aim at a trumpet.

Bad Boy (gleefully)—"I had the earache this morning." Good Boy—"What good is that?" Bad Boy—"Me mother put cotton in me ears and now I don't hear 'er when she calls."—Good News.

Market Man—"I know just what you want; nice spring chickens." Mrs. Alstyne—"No, indeed, I want the latest fashions that are out."—Inter-Ocean.

Ada—"If you want to get her, don't be so abjectly devoted. You simply cheapen yourself in her eyes." Frank—"Then she will take me. Jennie never could resist a bargain."—Brooklyn Life.

Upstreete (sympathetically)—"Poor Lushley! He is going to the bad so fast there will soon be no hope for him." Yagor who has seen the ticket—"Yes, his watch is beyond redemption now."—Buffalo Courier.

"I guess the man in the next flat must be awfully profane." "Why, how do you know?" He only moved in yesterday. "I know, but I saw one of his roomers carrying in a banjo and a flute."—Inter-Ocean.

"Whatebbah you does," said Uncle Eben to his eldest boy, "doan be sarcastic. Er man dat keeps alls tins' ter shoot Polly, er he shies sun er hear 'er resk ob him' hurt by de kick ob his own gun."—Washington Star.

Half Killed—"Do you want some nice pork, sir?" said the butcher to an Irishman, who was intently regarding half of a hog hanging outside the door. "No sore! Oi was only wonderin' whin ye was goin' to kill the other half of that pig."

Pipkin—"I doubt if you enter very largely into the composition of the human body." Potts—"Why?" Pipkin—"I've noticed that when a man is hot it doesn't improve his temper to throw cold water on him."—Kate Field's Washington.

Girl (in the service of the stingy wife of the colonel to grocer)—"One penn'orth of sugar, one penn'orth of coffee, and a half-porth of cinnamon." Grocer (handing her the parcel)—"There's the lot. You're having a family party this evening, I suppose?"—Rembrandt.

Mrs. Pneumonia—"I was so provoked at the art museum to-day. There was a painting there which they told me was painted by a man by the name of Murillo. If you believe me, it was only a copy of that beautiful chromo of ours over the parlor mantel. I don't know who this Murillo is, but I think it's shameful that he should be allowed thus to cheapen works of art; and I didn't hesitate to let the people know just how I felt about it."—Boston Transcript.

BUILDING AND SCIENCE.

NATURE'S CORKSCREWS.

Really remarkable relics of Prehistoric Times—Discovered by a Scientific Expedition in the Famous Pine Ridge Region—Almost as True as It Made by a Lathe.

Among the arrivals at San Francisco from Lincoln, Neb., a day or two ago was Prof. T. H. Marshall, of the Nebraska State university, who had just completed two remarkable scientific expeditions in quest of rare fossils. One was to Pine Ridge, the famous scene of the recent Sioux Indian outbreak, where he and others discovered myriads of a strangely curious fossil, called by them "devil's corkscrews."

The corkscrews are as much as 8 feet long, actual corkscrews in shape, and are often 8 inches through. He estimates that there are 400 square miles of them, yet, strange to say, notwithstanding the vast number of scientific expeditions hitherto, none of them have been discovered before. The corkscrews are siliceous, and they are found in a siliceous sandstone. In many places they stick through the sandrock of the hills, the stones being worn off by the element, and siliceous spiral being harder, it has remained.

It is no trouble, the professor says, to strip the sand away from them. It is rather soft, and the men can work fast.

Some of the strange siliceous spirals are coiled about a central spiral, like a grapevine about a tree. Then at the bottom of a root of the spire are curious protuberances each way, and rising toward the surface of the ground at something like thirty-one degrees. They are often quite as long as the corkscrew spiral.

"These corkscrews which stick out over Pine Ridge border on the Bad Lands," said Prof. Marshall, "are



NATURE'S CORKSCREW, EIGHT FEET HIGH.

most singular things. Nobody knows what they are or how they were made. "At first it was thought by some sort of a burrowing, the theory being that some animal had burrowed, rabbit-like, and that the hole had filled with siliceous sand and hardened. But this theory wouldn't do, because it appeared that whatever the spirals were they were of marine formation, and whether animal or vegetable, had grown under the sea.

"From all we could gather we are inclined to believe the corkscrews are a curious form of the sponge, yet even that is by no means certain. If they are sponges they would, under the spectrum, show certain specks which mark the sponge, and once Prof. Barbour thought he did see one or two, but he couldn't be sure of this. Other remarkable things were what we found imbedded in them and forming a part. Once we found the skeleton of a little animal like a rat and at another time we found the skeleton of a snake."

The corkscrew region extends from the Niobrara river to the Pine Ridge and almost to the Hat Creek basin. The corkscrews are almost as true as if made by a lathe, and are right-handed and left-handed indiscriminately. The great transverse pieces called ribs, or undergrowth stems, project in all directions out of the banks and bluffs like logs. Some are as large as ordinary barrels, others as large as hogheads. When half-dissolved in the bluffs they look like large sawlogs.

A singular thing was found in the use of the plumb line. A corkscrew over 8 feet 8 inches long was tested by the line and it was found that from top to bottom the whorls of the screw varied but one-eighth of an inch in the case of one coil, in others still less. Generally speaking, the corkscrews are of marvellous perfection, and they are so great as regards size as to utterly dwarf a man standing beside them.

Power of the Atmosphere.

Sombody has made the calculation that, taking the quantities roughly and in round numbers, the atmosphere weighs about a ton to every square foot of the earth's surface, 25,000,000 tons per square mile, or 5,000,000,000,000,000 tons on a total of 200,000,000 square miles; and its weight is that due to the motion of this inconceivable mass, at velocities varying all the way from the slightest zephyr to the hurricane and the cyclone, rushing over the prairie or along the surface of the sea at more than 100 miles an hour.

Again, according to this authority, a cubic mile of air, weighing about 10,000,000 pounds, develops, at the rate of motion of the cyclone, some 4,000,000,000,000 "foot tons" of energy, and if all were employed at such rate for the performance of work, useful or destructive, this number of "foot pounds" would be equivalent to more than 2,000,000,000,000,000 horse power.

The Oldest Iron Kettle.

The first iron-casting made in America was at the Saugus iron works. In 1642, it was a kettle or three-legged pot, weighing two pounds and a quarter, and holding one quart. It was claimed as a part of the purchase consideration by the owner of the land upon which the works were built. After descending as an heirloom from generation to generation, it has recently been presented to the town of Lynn, Mass., by a descendant of the original owner.

When the Candle Burns.

Candles will not burn in the air when the percentage of oxygen is less than 18%.

CURIOS EXPERIMENTS.

How Liquid Can Be Made to Run Up Instead of Down.

A most singular and interesting experiment can be easily tried by the use of a round goblet or tumbler and a piece of tube of fine mesh. Fill the glass to the brim with water, then, after moistening the tube thoroughly with water, place it over the mouth of the glass, pressing it down tightly to the sides of the glass where it will adhere. Then press the palm of the hand



FIG. 1.

firmly over the mouth of the glass, so that no air can enter, and invert the glass quickly. Now, by drawing the glass slowly and laterally from off the hand (do not lift) it will be found that the water will remain, as if suspended, without support in the air; not a drop will escape through the openings in the meshes of the tube, as shown by Fig. 1. In this connection, another remarkable experiment can be made, if you have previously procured another glass of the same size or shape and filled it to the brim with wine. Place this glass upon a plate and put the inverted glass with the water held by the tube carefully and evenly so that the edges of the two glasses will coincide, as shown in Fig. 2.

Immediately the red wine will commence to mount into the water, and the water displaces the wine until a complete interchange has been effected, which usually requires about ten minutes. The glass upon which the tube has been placed will now be filled with wine.

Still another interesting experiment can be made by taking a glass and placing in it a piece of burning paper. Then, while the paper is burning, invert the glass quickly into a deep dish

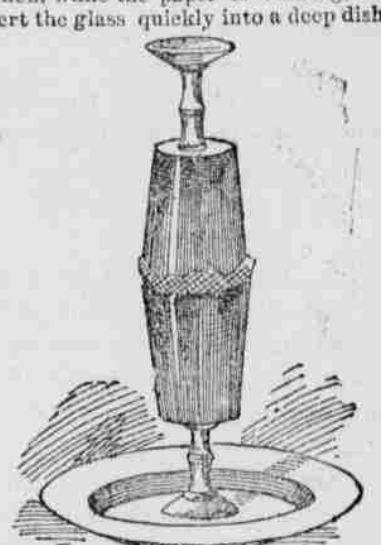


FIG. 2.

or saucer filled with water. It will be found that almost instantly the water will be drawn into the glass, although the weight of the glass will hold its edge firmly on the bottom of the plate. A singular thing about it is the water of itself cannot seek its level and withdraw again from the glass.—Once a Week.

THE CANALS OF MARS.

Supposed to Be the Work of the Inhabitants of Mars.

It is not generally known that the planet Mars is marked by parallel bands, the origin of which have been the source of endless controversy. From delicate measurements it has been established that these bands are from ten to a hundred miles in width, and it was at first supposed that they were atmospheric phenomena, but of late many incline to believe that they are canals or stretching waterways.

The interesting theory that the "